

T H E
L I F E
O F
Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH:

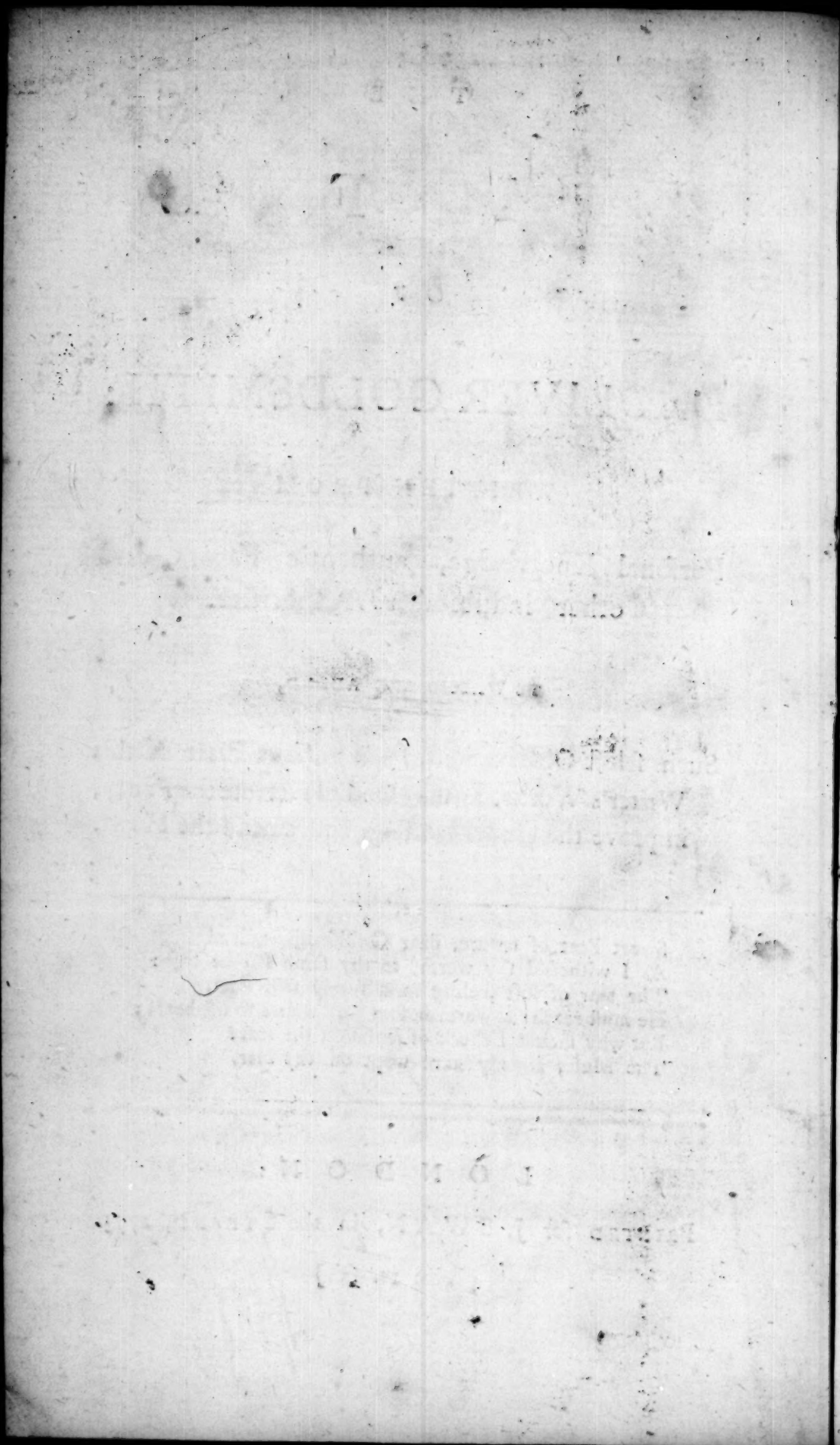
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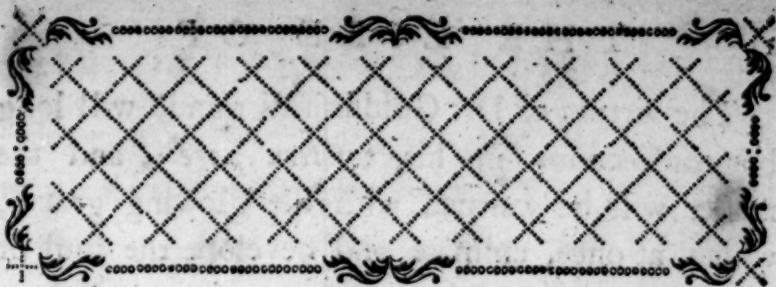
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Such select Observations, from various Parts of this
Writer's Works, as may tend to recreate the Fancy,
improve the Understanding, and amend the Heart.

Sweet Poet of nature, dear Goldsmith, adieu!
As I witness'd thy worth, to thy fame I'll be true:
The tear of soft feeling most surely will start,
He must reach the warm bosom who writes to the heart;
But why should I check of sensation the tear?
The Muses already have wept on thy bier.

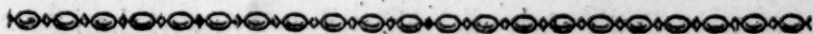
L O N D O N :
PRINTED for J. SWAN, in the STRAND, 1774.
[Price 1s. 6d.]





T H E
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Doct^r Oliver Goldsmith.



O write the life of Dr. Goldsmith, is far from being a laborious task, since little more is required than to give a transcript of the fairest pages of the human mind: to have known Shenstone, Cunningham, and Goldsmith, is to have been happy in an acquaintance with the brightest side of the *Landscape of Humanity*; but to have seen one of these amiable pictures, is to have seen them all, abating for that slight difference in the colouring which became necessary from the different points of view, in which the pictures were to be placed.

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The virtues of Dr. Goldsmith's mind, will long be conspicuous in his *written page*; and the reader will be warmed with the glowing graces, which, at once, animate and develope the soul of the author.

I know not if the observation was ever made, but I believe it will be found true, that when great abilities are united with very great virtues, if the possessor should be a writer at all, he will be a poet, and, if a poet, a very excellent one: in that case (as Cunningham sings)

*We shall mark in his elegant lines,
The graces that glow in his mind.*

I fancy if we were to try all the living writers by this standard, we should be able to form a more just opinion of their real characters as men, than by any other criterion. It is true, at least with regard to the literary men within the circle of my knowledge, that in proportion to the virtues of their minds, is the elegance of their writings; and that there is not a fool, or a worse character among them, that may not be distinguished by the turgidity of his style, and the *consequential nothingness* of his phrase.

Who could hesitate a moment to distinguish between the manly dignity of style of the poet, whose loss we now lament, and the frippery bombast of a Murphy or a Kelly?—But the difference lay chiefly

chiefly *in the mind*; and the one was exactly as much a better writer than the others, as a better man.

It is an observation that Dr. Goldsmith has made in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, that *Where the mind is capacious, the affections are good*. I believe that the remark is founded in the laws of nature.—God is infinite in wisdom and goodness.—What is genius but an emanation of the divine beam? Know you a man distinguished from all the rest of his acquaintance for the frigid narrowness and selfishness of his soul?—depend on it he is remarkably deficient in point of intellect: he may have much cunning; but he has no wisdom. On the contrary, know you a man of a warmer heart?—rest assured that he has a clearer head, than those who are strangers to that sublime feeling which does honour to humanity.

If there be an *apparent* exception to this rule, (and such may be found) it must be attributed to that commerce with mankind, which will, in some degree, contaminate the purest sentiments; but even under all appearances of variation, the latent principles of the mind need only to be drawn forth, to appear the same.

Roscommon, in Ireland, claims the honour of Dr. Goldsmith's birth. His father, who was a gentleman of a small estate, had nine sons, of whom Oliver was the third. He was born in the

year 1731, received a good classical education, and was intended for holy orders. With this view he was sent with his brother Henry to Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1739, where he obtained a Bachelor's Degree: but his brother's merit, on leaving the College, not being rewarded with any preferment in the church, our author was advised to the study of physic, which he commenced, by attending several courses of anatomy in Dublin.

In the year 1751, he left Dublin and went to Edinburgh, where he prosecuted the study of medicine, under several celebrated professors of that university; but he had not resided long in Scotland, before he began to feel the ill effects of his unbounded benevolence; and he was at length absolutely obliged to leave the country, to avoid a prison; for he had bound himself to pay a larger sum for a friend, than the narrowness of his finances would enable him to discharge.

It was in the beginning of the year 1754, that he quitted Edinburgh; but he had no sooner reached Sunderland, than he was arrested for the amount of his bond; but he was happily relieved from his distress, by the humanity of Dr. Sleight and Mr. Laughlin Maclane.

The debt being discharged, our ingenious philanthropist embarked on board a Dutch vessel, bound for Rotterdam, in which place he continued but a short time, and then went to Brussels. He now
made

made the tour of a considerable part of Flanders, took the degree of Bachelor of Physic at Louvain, and thence went through Switzerland to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman, whom he had made an acquaintance with in the course of his travels in Flanders..

When our poet sailed from England, he was almost destitute of money, so that he was under the necessity of travelling on foot, or declining a journey in which he promised himself much satisfaction, from a review of the customs and manners of different countries. Mr. Goldsmith was at this period in good health, possessing a strength of constitution, and a vigour of mind, which bid defiance to danger and fatigue. He was a tolerable proficient in the French language, and played on the German flute with a degree of taste something above mediocrity. Thus qualified, he travelled on, anxious to gratify his curiosity, and doubtful of the means of subsistence; his classical knowledge, however, afforded him occasional entertainment in the religious houses; while his musical talents continued to feed and lodge him among the merry poor of Flanders, &c.

The Doctor, in relating the history of this part of his travels, would say, “ When I approached
 “ a peasant’s house in the evening, I played one
 “ of my most merry tunes; which procured me
 “ not only a lodging, but subsistence for the following

“ lowing day: but I must own, that when I
 “ attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank,
 “ they always thought my performance contempt-
 “ ible, nor ever made me any return for my
 “ endeavours to please them.”

Our author evidently refers to these circumstances of his life, in the following lines in his Traveller :

*To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain;
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score.*

Dr. Goldsmith had not been long at Geneva, when a young fellow arrived there, to whom he was recommended as a Tutor, in his travels through the rest of Europe. This youth having had a large fortune left him by his uncle, (a pawnbroker in London) resolved to improve himself by travel;
 but

but, as avarice was his ruling passion, he saw little more of the the curiosities of the continent, than are to be seen without expence. He was continually remarking how extravagant were the expences of travelling, and perpetually contriving methods of retrenching them: so that it is not to be wondered if our author and his pupil parted, which they did at Marseilles, where the latter embarked for England, happy to save money rather than to gain knowledge.

There was, at this time, but a small balance due to Goldsmith, who was once more left to struggle with adversity. He now wandered alone through the greater part of France, till, having gratified his curiosity, and sufficiently experienced those inconveniencies attending the almost pennyless traveller, he sailed for England, and arriving at Dover towards the latter end of the year 1758, he hastened immediately to London, where he found himself a perfect stranger, with scarce a shilling in the world.

Thus situated, he began to be extremely uneasy. His friend, Dr. Sleigh, now resided in London; Goldsmith enquired him out, and was received with every mark of friendship and esteem. An offer was now made him of the place of Usher at Dr. Milner's Academy at Peckham; and this he eagerly accepted, unwilling to subsist on the bounty of Dr. Sleigh.

About

About this period, he wrote some criticisms for the Monthly Review; which meeting with high approbation, Mr. Griffiths (the proprietor) engaged him to superintend that publication; he therefore repaired to London, and commenced Author in form. This was in the year 1759, when he wrote a few pieces, and but a few, for the Booksellers: and though his pay was, as it merited, greater than that of many other writers, it was nevertheless very disproportionate to the merit of such a *writer*, and still farther below the merit of such a *man* as Dr. Goldsmith: yet were not the booksellers, his employers, worthy of censure, as his name was not known to the public, and his essays and poems were inserted among the promiscuous croud, in magazines, and other periodical publications.

It was at this period that the Doctor became acquainted with the late Mr. Newberry, who being a proprietor of the Public Ledger, our poet was engaged as a writer in that paper, then newly established, in which he published a series of valuable letters, which have been since printed in volumes, under the title of the "Citizen of the world."

Hitherto the Doctor had lodged, much in the stile of a poor author, in Green-arbor Court in the Old Bailey; but he now got better apartments in Wine-Office Court, Fleet-street, and a summer lodging at Canonbury House, Islington, where he continued
a considerable

a considerable time, and then removed, first to the King's Bench Walks, and afterwards to Brick Court, in the Temple, where he died.

With the publication of the *Traveller*, our author's literary fame began to encrease very fast, and it was established by the appearance of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; for he was now equally and justly esteemed both as a poet and novellist; he had been before known for a good critic; and he has since shone as a learned historian.

The publication of the *Vicar of Wakefield* was succeeded by that of the *Comedy of the Good-natured Man*, which was performed nine nights at Covent Garden Theatre; but did not meet with an applause equal to its merit; though it was far from being ill-received.

The next piece of any consequence that our author presented the world with, was his *Deserted Village*, a poem abounding in nature, truth, elegance and benevolence. A circumstance respecting the sale of the copy of this piece, marks very strongly the author's simplicity of mind, and unbounded goodness of heart. The manuscript having been delivered to the bookseller, he gave the Doctor his note of hand for one hundred guineas, for the copy-right. The Doctor mentioned this circumstance the same day to a gentleman, who said he thought it a large sum for so small a piece. "In truth, said the poet, I think so too, nor

have I been easy since I received it; I will therefore go and return him his note."—This he actually did, leaving the payment to the bookseller's honour, when the sale should inform him what he might afford to give.

The success of the Doctor's last comedy, *She stoops to Conquer*, is too generally known to need being mentioned. It is in fact, the most laughable piece which has been brought on the stage for many years.—Mr. Colman was, or pretended to be of opinion, that this piece would be damned. A proof that managers are not always the best judges of the taste of the town; and one would think that they are not therefore the most proper caterers, however they may have assumed a right of cramming the public with any trash they think proper.

The fate of a writer for the stage is not much to be envied. After many months labour to complete a piece to his own approbation, he is to summon patience to abide all the manager's affected corrections, and still more mortifying delays; and after all, perhaps, a disgusted acquaintance shall make a party, raise a riot, and damn the play!

Our ingenious writer had laid a plan for writing an "Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences." In which he had a promise of the occasional assistance of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Beauclerc, and David Garrick, Esq;—Of the success

cess of this great work, the Doctor had formed high expectations; but he did not live to make any progress in it.

It is said that our author cleared 1800 l. in one year by his writings; notwithstanding which, partly by the unbounded benevolence of his disposition, and partly from an unhappy turn for gaming, which he contracted in his latter years, he was often distressed for cash in a very great degree.

Dr. Goldsmith's great and shining talents procured him many friends and admirers among persons in the first walk of life; among others the Duke of Northumberland is mentioned, as having wished to be known to our poet, who himself told the following story of his visit to the Peer.

"I was invited, said the Doctor, by my friend Mr. Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an anti-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance. Taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment,

nishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment; and I was so confused on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

Dr. Goldsmith, happy as he thought himself in the strength of a vigorous constitution, paid at all times too little regard to the preservation of that health so dear to his friends, so important to the public.

I remember, some years since, on the Doctor's partial recovery from a fit of illness, he came into the Chapter Coffee-House; when a gentleman observed how pale he looked, and expressed his fears for his safety:—"Pale! (cried the poet, in a pettish humour) that may be, Sir; but the *Stamina's* good—the *Stamina's* good."

Dr. Goldsmith's natural disposition led him to covet a life of learned leisure; but this was too often interrupted by that want of money to which the benevolence of his disposition frequently reduced him. When his circumstances were embarrassed, his temper was so ruffled, that he often expressed himself in the most vehement manner. These gusts of passion, as they were very violent, were very short: the philosopher recollected, and resumed himself on a moment's reflection; but his servants profited

profited by their master's violence; for they would put themselves in his way, when he was in a passion, sure to reap the reward of undeserved chastisement.

It is very remarkable of this gentleman, that, contrary to the opinion of almost all the world, he thought Ben Johnson, Beaumont, and their contemporaries, but second-rate poets; indeed he considered Shakespear himself as inferior to Vanburgh and Farquhar.

The Doctor was, from principle, an enemy to that class of patriotic writers, (as they are called) who distinguish themselves, by abusing the government under which they live: in fact, he considered them as enemies to all good government. He was a friend to monarchy, and held sacred the person of the sovereign. But if he was an enemy to those who abused our government and governors, indiscriminately, he was much more so to those paltry, those detestable writers, who, sacrificing every consideration at the shrine of Plutus, wrote on both sides of a contested question, and *on both at the same time*, for HIRE. It is said that Dr. Goldsmith did not speak to Mr. Kelly for seven years preceding his death.

He firmly believed the doctrine of a future state, in which the miseries of the virtuous in this life, would be amply rewarded by a permanency of happiness, incapable of decay: above flattering the vices or follies of the rich or great, he was ill qualified to push his fortune among those whom
his

his genius taught to court his company: yet was he happy in a connection with many of the greatest and best characters of this kingdom.

Dr. Goldsmith being seized with a violent indisposition, on the 25th of March, 1774, sent for Mr. Hawes, an apothecary, in the Strand, the night succeeding that day, and declared his intention of taking Dr. James's fever powders; to his persisting in which resolution, many of his warmest friends have ascribed the loss of this great and good man! How far they are right in their conjectures it would be needless, if it were not impossible to say. Mr. Hawes has published an account of the Doctor's illness, so far as relates to the exhibition of these powders. The public may be interested in the enquiry into the probable effects of so powerful a medicine. The writer of these pages has only to say, that Mr. Hawes is a man whose skill or veracity will not be doubted for a moment by any one who has the honour of knowing him.

This delightful poet, this sweet moralist, this excellent man! departed this life on the 4th of April, 1774, and was interred in the Burying-Ground of the Temple. It was proposed to have buried him in Westminster-Abey, where, however, a monument is to be erected to his memory:—but the best and most lasting monument will be found in his works.

Dr. Goldsmith was in stature rather under the middle size, and built more like the porter than the

the gentleman : his complexion was pale, his forehead low, his face almost round, and pitted with the small pox ; but marked with the strong lines of thinking : upon the whole there was nothing in his appearance that would not rather prepossess the mind against him ; but to those who knew him, there appeared a melting softness in his eye, that was the genuine effect of his humanity. Never did that eye behold an object of distress, but it conveyed an intelligence to the heart, that stretched out the hand irresistibly to relieve ; and it is well known that his unbounded philanthropy contributed to keep him poor ; but he ever felt a satisfaction in the conscious dignity and liberality of his mind, that the possession of wealth without the will to distribute it could never have afforded !

Presuming that the best use to which biography can be applied is to profit by the amiable part of the author's character : I shall extract, for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, such passages of Dr. Goldsmith's works, as mark in a striking manner, the unbounded benevolence of his temper, or the elegant simplicity of his mind. That he thought justly on most occasions is a fact which will appear incontestible from the perusal of many of the following observations :

“ As some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature *an admirer of happy human faces.*”
 Vicar of Wakefield, vol. I. p. 3. 4th edition.

“ Never

“ Never was the family of Wakefield known to
“ *turn the traveller, or the poor dependant out of*
“ *doors.*” Ib. p. 4.

“ Let us draw upon *content* for the deficiencies
“ of *fortune.*” Ib. p. 19.

“ The slightest distress touched him to the quick,
“ and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of
“ the miseries of others. Ib. p. 27,

“ My youngest boys being appointed to read the
“ lessons for the day, and he that read loudest,
“ distinctest, and best, was to have a halfpenny on
“ Sunday to put in the *poors box.*” Ib. p. 37.

“ I do not know whether such flouncing and
“ shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we
“ consider upon a moderate calculation, that the
“ nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed
“ from the trimmings of the vain.” Ib. p. 39.

“ The virtue which requires to be ever guarded,
“ is scarce worth the sentinel.” Ib. p. 48.

“ Hospitality is one of the first Christian duties.
“ The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies
“ to its nest; but helpless man, can only find
“ refuge from his fellow creature. The greatest
“ stranger in this world was he that came to save it :
“ he never had a house, as if willing to see what hos-
“ pitality was left remaining among us.” Ib. p. 52.

“ We should never strike an unnecessary blow at
“ a victim over whom providence holds the scourge
“ of its resentment.” Ib. p. 54.

“ Such

“ Such as are poor and will associate with none
“ but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and
“ despised by those they follow.” Ib. p. 123.

“ The pain which conscience gives a man who
“ has already done wrong, is soon got over: Con-
“ science is a coward, and those faults it has not
“ strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice
“ enough to accuse.” Ib. p. 130.

“ The opinion a man forms of his own pru-
“ dence, is measured by that of the company
“ he keeps.” Ib. p. 132.

“ Wit and understanding are trifles without inte-
“ grity; it is that which gives value to every character.
“ The ignorant peasant without fault, is greater
“ than the philosopher with many.” Ib. p. 150.

“ The reputation of men should be prized not
“ for their exemption from fault, but the size of
“ those virtues they are possessed of.” ib. p. 150.

“ When great vices are opposed in the same mind
“ to as extraordinary virtues, such a character de-
“ serves contempt. Ib. p. 151.

“ Bad men want shame; they only blush at
“ being detected in doing good, but glory in their
“ vices.” Ib. p. 154.

“ For the first time the very best may err; art
“ may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm.
“ The first fault is the child of simplicity; but
“ every other the offspring of guilt.” Ib. p. 185.

" Man little knows what calamities are beyond
 " his patience to bear till he tries them; as in
 " ascending the heights of ambition, which look
 " bright from below, every step we rise shews us
 " some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disap-
 " pointment; so in our descent from the summits
 " of pleasure, though the vale of misery below
 " may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the
 " busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement,
 " finds as we descend something to flatter and to
 " please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects
 " appear to brighten, and the mortal eye becomes
 " adapted to its gloomy situation." *Ib.* p. 191.

" The looks of domesticks ever transmit their
 " master's benevolence." *Ib.* vol. II. p. 15.

" I found that monarchy was the best govern-
 " ment for the poor to live in, and common-wealths
 " for the rich. I found that riches in general,
 " were in every country, another name for free-
 " dom; and that no man is so fond of liberty him-
 " self as not to be desirous of subjecting the
 " will of some individuals in society to his
 " own." *Ib.* p. 32.

" Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant,
 " exposed and unwept by those that love you, the
 " most precious tears are those with which heaven
 " bedews the unburied head of a soldier." *Ib.* p. 40.

" Wisdom makes but a slow defence against
 " trouble, though at last a sure one." *Ib.* p. 46.

" In

“ In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good ; as in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom ; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the body. But in Religion the law is written, and inflexible, never to do evil.”
Ib. p. 50.

“ That single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue, than a hundred acts of justice. Ib. p. 63.

“ None but the guilty can be long completely miserable.” Ib. p. 65.

“ That melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, sooths the heart instead of corroding it.” Ib. p. 77.

“ Though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.” Ib. p. 81.

“ Good council rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom.” Ib. p. 116.

“ It were highly to be wished, that the legislative power would direct the law rather to reformation than severity. That it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then instead of our present prisons, which

“ which find or make men guilty, which enclose
 “ wretches for the commission of one crime, and
 “ return them, if returned alive, fitted for the per-
 “ petration of thousands; we should see, as in
 “ other parts of Europe, places of penitence and
 “ solitude, where the accused might be attended by
 “ such as could give them repentance if guilty, or
 “ new motives to virtue if innocent. And this,
 “ but not the increasing punishments, is the way
 “ to mend a state.” Ib. p. 119.

“ To religion we must hold in every circum-
 “ stance of life for our truest comfort; for if already
 “ we are happy, it is a pleasure to see that we can
 “ make that happiness unending; and if we are
 “ miserable, it is very consoling to think that
 “ there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate
 “ religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the
 “ wretched a change from pain. Ib. p. 153.

“ After a certain degree of pain, every new
 “ breach that death opens in the constitution, na-
 “ ture kindly covers with insensibility.” Ib. p. 155.

“ No efforts of a refined imagination can sooth
 “ the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to
 “ the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the
 “ throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philoso-
 “ pher from his couch of softness, tell us that
 “ we can resist all these.—Alas! the effort by
 “ which we resist them is still the greatest pain!
 Ib. p. 157.

“ The greatest object in the universe (says a
 certain

“ certain philosopher) is a good man struggling
 “ with adversity; yet there is still a greater,
 “ which is the good man that comes to relieve
 “ it.” ib. p. 173.

“ You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for
 “ your own life, gives you a right to take that of
 “ another; but where, Sir, is the difference between
 “ a duellist who hazards a life of no value, and
 “ the murderer who acts with greater security?
 “ Is it any diminution of the gamester’s fraud
 “ when he alledges that he has staked a counter?”
 Ib. p. 174.

The above will, we conceive, be deemed a sufficient specimen of Dr. Goldsmith’s abilities as a prose writer. The reader will not be displeased to see how the poetical talents of this admirable genius are equally adapted to charm the imagination, and win the heart to virtue.

In his TRAVELLER, after having described the fraternal fondness of an “ *untravelled heart*,” he addresses his brother as follows,

“ Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 “ And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 “ Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 “ To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 “ Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 “ And every stranger finds a ready chair;

Blest

"Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 "Where all the ruddy family around,
 "Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
 "Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 "Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 "And learn the luxury of doing good."

Is not the following as beautiful, in point of poetry, as the wish that concludes it is honourable to the feelings of the writer's heart?

"As some lone miser visiting his store,
 "Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 "Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 "Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 "Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 "Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man
 "supplies:
 "Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 "To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 "And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 "Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 "Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 "May gather bliss to see my fellows blest."

Our author seems to have been of opinion that, however different in appearance the degrees of happiness in different countries, the beneficent author of nature has given an equal share to all.

"And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 "And estimate the blessings which they share;
 "Tho'

“ Tho’ patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 “ An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
 “ As different good, by Art or Nature given,
 “ To different nations makes their blessings even.”

Speaking of Italy and its inhabitants, our author has the following beautiful lines.

“ But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 “ And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 “ In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 “ Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 “ Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
 “ Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
 “ Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
 “ And e’en in penance planning sins anew.”

But let us, with the poet, turn to

“ Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions
 “ tread,
 “ And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 “ No product here the barren hills afford,
 “ But man and steel, the foldier and his sword.
 “ No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 “ But winter ling’ring chills the lap of May.”

Of France and its inhabitants, he says,

“ —Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 “ Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 “ Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 “ And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
 “ Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 “ To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 “ The

"The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws;
 "Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause."

His picture of the Dutch is very striking:

"——— Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 "Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 "But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 "Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
 "At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 "The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 "A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 "Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 "And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 "Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm."

Is he not equally happy in describing our own country, and its inhabitants?

"——— My genius spreads her wing,
 "And flies where Britain courts the western
 "spring;
 "Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 "And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
 "There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 "There gentle music melts on every spray;
 "Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd.
 "Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 "Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 "With daring aims irregularly great,
 "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 "I see the lords of human kind pass by,

"Intent

This very elegant poem concludes with the following lines :

“ Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 “ That bliss which only centers in the mind :
 “ Why have I stray’d, from pleasure and repose,
 “ To seek a good each government bestows ?
 “ In every government, though terrors reign,
 “ Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 “ How small of all that human hearts endure,
 “ That part which laws or kings can cause or
 “ cure.
 “ Still to ourselves in every place consign’d,
 “ Our own felicity we make or find :
 “ With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 “ Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 “ The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 “ Luke’s iron crown, and Damien’s bed of steel,
 “ To men remote from power but rarely known,
 “ Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.”

In the *DESERTED VILLAGE*; our poet execrates and laments that encrease of luxury, which will, probably, hasten the ruin of this empire. The colouring of this poem is very warm, but I am afraid it is too just.—The luxuries of the higher ranks have been so long taxing the industry of the lower, and such numerous emigrations have already taken place, that there seems every reason to apprehend that Dr. Goldsmith’s *Deserted Village* may, in another century, be realized in a *Deserted Kingdom*.

This poem is every where, and so equally excellent, that we know not to which particular beauty to turn the eye of the reader. The following extracts will shew to what a height of elegance the English language may arrive, and how astonishingly sweet may be the harmony of its periods, without their deducting any thing from the sterling manliness of their sense.

“ Sweet AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
“ Where health and plenty chea’rd the labouring
“ fwain,

“ Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
“ And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.”

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 " Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
 " Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 " A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 " But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 " When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden
- 50 - "smil'd,

“ And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 “ There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 “ The village preacher’s modest mansion rose.
 “ A man he was, to all the country dear,
 “ And passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

“ Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
“ And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;

But

" But in his duty prompt at every call,
 " He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
 " And, as a bird each fond endearment ties,
 " To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
 " He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 " Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

" Beside the bed where parting life was lay'd,
 " And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 " The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 " Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 " Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
 " raise,
 " And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise."

Behold the picture of the country schoolmaster.

" Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 " With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,
 " There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 " The village master taught his little school;
 " A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 " I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 " Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 " The day's disasters in his morning face;
 " Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 " At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 " Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 " Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
 " Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 " The love he bore to learning was in fault;

I fear, a just idea, of scenes that too often occur
in the distant parts of these kingdoms !

“ Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom’d that
“ parting day,
“ That called them from their native walks away;
“ When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
“ Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked
“ their last,
“ And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
“ For seats like these beyond the western main;
“ And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
“ Retuned and wept, and still returned to weep.
“ The good old fire, the first prepared to go
“ To new found worlds, and wept for others woe;
“ But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
“ He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
“ His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
“ The fond companion of his helpless years,
“ Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
“ And left a lover’s for a father’s arms.
“ With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
“ And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
“ And kiss her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
“ And claspt them close in sorrow doubly dear;
“ Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
“ In all the silent manliness of grief.”

We shall conclude with the following lines, sorry
only that, as general experience has proved their
truth,

truth, England seems resolved not to become an exception to the rule.

“ O luxury ! Thou curst by Heaven’s decree,
 “ How ill exchanged are things like these for thee,
 “ How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 “ Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 “ Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 “ Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 “ At every draught more large and large they grow,
 “ A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 “ Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 “ Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.”

As Dr. Goldsmith’s *Ballad* of the *Hermit* has been justly celebrated, on account of its elegant tenderness, and sweet simplicity, I presume I cannot oblige my readers with a more acceptable present.

A BALLAD.

I.

“ Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
 “ And guide my lonely way,
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 “ With hospitable ray.

II.

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
 “ With fainting steps and slow ;
 “ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
 “ Seem lengthening as I go.

“ Forbear

III.

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

IV.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still ;
“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

V.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

VI.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them.

“ But

VII.

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
 “ A guiltless feast I bring;
 “ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 “ And water from the spring.

VIII.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
 “ All earth-born cares are wrong;
 “ Man wants but little here below,
 “ Nor wants that little long.”

IX.

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

X.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No

XI.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

XII.

And now when busy crouds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

XIII.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

XIV.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

F

But

XV.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

XVI.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"

XVII.

"From better habitations spurn'd,
 "Reluctant dost thou rove;
 "Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 "Or unregarded love?"

XVIII.

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 "Are trifling, and decay;
 "And those who prize the paltry things,
 "More trifling still than they.

"And

XIX.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep;
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ But leaves the wretch to weep?

XX.

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
“ The modern fair one’s jest;
“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

XXI.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

XXII.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

XXIII.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms,
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

XXIV.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 “ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,
 “ Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 “ Where heaven and you reside.

XXV.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 “ Whom love has taught to stray ;
 “ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 “ Companion of her way.

XXVI.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 “ A wealthy lord was he ;
 “ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 “ He had but only me.

“ To

XXVII.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
 “ Unnumber’d suitors came;
 “ Who praised me for imputed charms,
 “ And felt or feign’d a flame.

XXVIII.

“ Each hour a mercenary croud
 “ With richest proffers strove:
 “ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 “ But never talk’d of love.

XXIX

“ In humblest simplest habit clad,
 “ No wealth nor power had he;
 “ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 “ But these were all to me.

XXX.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
 “ The dews of heaven refin’d,
 “ Could nought of purity display,
 “ To emulate his mind.

“ The

XXXI.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.

XXXII.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain :
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.

XXXIII.

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret where he died.

XXXIV.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay,
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.—

" And

XXXV.

" And there forlorn despairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die :
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I."

XXXVI.

" Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turned to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

XXXVII.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to see,
" Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

XXXVIII.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care resign :
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life,—my all that's mine.

" No,

XXXIX.

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
 “ We’ll live and love so true ;
 “ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 “ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

Since Doctor Goldsmith’s death a poem has appeared entitled *RETALIATION*, which owes its origin to the following circumstance : The Doctor was a member of a kind of club of wits, which met, occasionally, at the St. James’s Coffee House ; and a member of the society having proposed to write Epitaphs on our poet, he was called upon for *Retaliation*, in consequence of which he wrote, and produced at the next meeting of the club, a poem under that title, from which the following characters are selected :

“ Here lies our good † Edmund, whose genius
 “ was such,
 “ We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much :

† Edmund Burk, Esq ; member for Wendover.

Who,

“ Who, born for the Universe, narrow’d his mind,

“ And to party gave up, what was meant for man-
“ kind.

“ Tho’ fraught with all learning, yet straining
“ his throat,

“ To persuade * Tommy Townsend to lend him
“ a vote ;

“ Who, too deep for his hearers still went on re-
“ fining,

“ And thought of convincing, while they thought
“ of dining ;

“ Tho’ equal to all things, for all things unfit,

“ Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;

“ For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient,

“ And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

“ In short ’twas his fate unemploy’d or in place,
“ Sir,

“ To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a
“ razor.”

“ Here † Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,

“ The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;

“ A Flattering painter, who made it his care

“ To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
“ are.

* T. Townsend, Member for Whitechurch.

† Author of the *West Indian*, and other Dramatic pieces.

" His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 " And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 " Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 " Or rather like tragedy given a rout.
 " His fools have their follies so lost in a croud
 " Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 " And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 " Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 " Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 " Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 " Say was it that vainly directing his view,
 " To find out men's virtues and finding them few,
 " Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 " He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?"

" Here lies David Garrick, describe me who
 " can,

" An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;
 " As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
 " As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;
 " Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 " The man had his failings, a dupe to his art ;
 " Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 " And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.

On

" On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 " 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:
 " With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 " He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
 " Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 " If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
 " He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 " For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
 " them back.
 " Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
 " came,
 " And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 " 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 " Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 " But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 " If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 " Ye * Kenricks, ye † Kellys, and ‡ Woodfalls so
 " grave,
 " What a commerce was yours, while you got and
 " you gave?

* Dr. Kenrick.

† Hugh Kelly, Esq; Author of False Delicacy, &c.

‡ Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

“ How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that ye
 “ rais’d,

“ While he was berofcius’d, and you were be-
 “ prais’d ?

“ But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

“ To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :

“ Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,

“ Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

“ Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and
 “ with love,

“ And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.”

“ Here * Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my
 “ mind,

“ He has not left a wiser or better behind ;

“ His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,

“ His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;

“ Still born to improve us in every part,

“ His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :

“ To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

“ When they judg’d without skill he was still hard
 “ of hearing :

“ When they talk’d of their Raphaels, Corregios
 “ and stuff,

“ He shifted his trumpet † and only took snuff.”

Here

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company ; he is,
 at

" Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 " Though he *merrily* liv'd, he is now a † *grave* man;
 " Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
 " Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
 " Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
 " A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
 " Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,
 " Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill;
 " A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,
 " A Scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

" What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
 " Should so long be to news-paper-essays confin'd!
 " Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 " Yet content " if the table he set on a roar;"
 " Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 " Yet happy if † *Woodfall* confess'd him a wit.

" Ye news-paper wirlings! ye pert scribbling-
 " folks!

at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great artist himself, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.

† Mr. W. is so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say, it was impossible to keep him company, without being *infected* with the *itch* of punning.

† H. S. Woodfall, Printer of the Public Advertiser.

Who

“ Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes,

“ Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd come,

“ Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:

“ To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,

“ And copious libations bestow on his shrine;

“ Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

“ † *Cross-reading, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the*
“ *Press,*

“ Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for *thy* sake I

“ admit

“ That a Scot may have humour, I had almost
said wit:

“ This debt to thy mem’ry I cannot refuse,

“ Thou best humour’d man with the worst hu-

“ mour’d muse!

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with
humourous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser,

THE END.

